

A Life Preserver

They were homeward bound from Otago, and they had run the Asyrion (Black Star clipper) till she could not run any longer, because the big seas, running faster than she did, caught her and tried hard to swamp her.

They would have done it, too, only her skipper brought her to the wind 300 miles to the southward of the Horn. She lay hove to like a duck, and after the first big smother, when the helm was put up, as dry as a cork.

It is not every ship that will do this. But the Asyrion was one of them. She rode gently up one big watery slope and down the next yawning valley—down till her white rigging crossed the black in the shadow cast by the green hill, then up again into the cold southern ocean sunlight.

The wind howled and shrieked through the rigging, bare and stiff, and swept along the yards in vain attempts to tear the canvas from its gaskets and, failing miserably, swooped down with a wild roar on to the tarpaulin stretched in the mizen rigging, which it flattened till the ratlines showed through it like the ribs of a skeleton.

It was blowing as if only can blow down there—five or six gales lashed together with round squalls.

One watch, sea booted, oil skinned and mitted, was hanging about for'ard and under the break of the fore'sle.

The other one had turned in, all standing and ready for a call. In such weather no man knows from minute to minute what may happen.

It was bitterly cold. The skipper and the chief were below. The second mate stamped the poop, equating doubtfully every time he turned aft at the great sea mountains which curled bullying up, overhanging the taffrail for a minute and then, as the ship rose, rolled away with a deep, hoarse bellow of disappointment.

To leeward, over the white, soapy swirl of the breaking combers, swooped, fluttered and screamed a flock of mollyhawks and cape pigeons, while a few albatrosses sailed majestically around.

Presently the second mate, coming to the poop rail, sang out, "Johnson!"

"Aye, aye," came back from the group for'ard as a man lurched aft.

"There's an Irish pennant on the starboard fore'tallant brace, Johnson," said the second mate. "Up ye go an' get it off. Look slippy, now!"

The man, a tall, rawboned, powerful "bluenose," got on to the rail and, standing there, with his hand on the sheer pole, said disgustedly: "Another work up job! Havin' a-sen'din' a man on a boy's errand."

"None o' yer lip!" exclaimed the second mate savagely, for he was in an evil temper, the steward having stopped his grog. "None o' yer lip, or I'll log ye!"

"If 'twasn't that I don't want a bad discharge out of her," retorted the other, slowly beginning to climb under the gale which pinned him to the rigging. "I'd come over an' kick yer head off! But when I get ashore I'll hang for ye!"

This in such a tone of deep conviction as allowed of no doubt whatever. And so the "greaser" appeared to think, for, without arguing the point, he resumed his walk, and the other his long unnecessary journey.

And all hands for'ard, having nothing else to do, watched the yellow figure like some great lizard blown flat into the shrouds and crawling up them a ratline at a time.

"Ugh!" exclaimed one. "It's a sneezer up there! Wonder how Mr. Greaser 'iself ud fancy it? Regular hazer, 'e is! An' 'e's allus 'ad a down on Dan."

"A man as ud send another up there when it's a-freezin' fit to cut the top hanks off a Greenland man's rib ain't got the feelin's of a cannibal savage!" remarked another, "an' all for the sake o' a bit o' par'el!" as wouldn't tie up a sore finger.

"Never mind," put in a third soothingly as he shivered. "Another week or two, an' we'll be doin' the taff around Lime-us, dressed up to the knocker an' a-smokin' of our cigars, 'orty an' 'independent, an' care a button. An' no more for this chicken. I'll go a-cos'erin', with a barrer an' a big lump of hokey pokey an' a bushel o' rotten nut, fast."

"My vort!" said a stout little cut-throat. "It is plowin' in the geyel oop sides. Janahun haf took his oilskin off mid in der top."

And then they all stood 'lently peering and watching the spreadingle yellow figure as it slowly ascended the topostmast rigging, then limned up on to the topgallant yard, and, laying out to leeward, tried to reach and untwist the little bit of canvas blown from deck stay till caught around the standing part of the brace.

Twice and thrice they saw him stretch his full length, holding on the lift by one hand. But the uttering rag was just out of reach. Drawing his sheathknife, he once more stretched out. At that moment the second mate, also watching, went over, and without a word warning let go the brace on deck. The yard swung round, and the

yellow bundle crouching at its farthest extremity darted down for twenty feet with amazing swiftness; then, seeming to expand itself to four times its natural size, sailed gently off to leeward.

"Man overboard!"

"Oh, you murderin' villain!" shouted a couple as they all rushed aft.

"I thought as how he'd 'a' hung on an' pulled it in to him," quavered the second mate as with trembling fingers he cut a life buoy adrift.

For a moment it looked as if he was to follow Dan, as the men, with black scowls and loud curses, crowded around him.

But the skipper and the mate rushed up and between, hearing the while many words hot and bitter.

The watch below, too, came paddling aft with naked feet and sleepy eyes.

And presently on the smooth, oily summit of a comber far away they saw their shipmate, floating high, with a crowd of birds hovering about him.

But had they been 2,000 instead of twenty they could do nothing more than uselessly throw life buoys and henceops overboard and watch through contracted eyes, with little moans of pity. One can do no more hove to in the southern ocean, with a forty foot sea running.

"God help him!" said the skipper. "He was a good man." And he shut the glass with a snap, giving the second mate a look that meant mischief.

"He's ridin' high," said the chief officer, peering. "The wind that kept him up isn't out of his clothes yet. But the birds are at him. Poor beggar! There's one big brute right on his head."

At this there was a growl and a wicked sort of move on toward the second mate, standing aloof and sullen.

The captain had walked away aft and was staring up at the Irish pennant, still fluttering from the slackened brace.

The chief still peered through his glass.

Seeing murder in many eyes, the second mate gave a loud cry and snatched an iron belaying pin out of the rail.

The cry was echoed by one of amazement from the chief, who, dancing with excitement, roared: "He's gripped him! Stand by, all hands, with your bowlines! Here he comes like a house afire! Hooray!"

And the men yelled again and fell to knotting bowlines furiously as they looked and saw Dan borne breast high out of the water, hanging on like grim death to the legs of a huge albatross, towed up one green comber and down another, but always coming closer.

Heralded by shrill screamings of rage and terror and the quick flapping of mighty wings, the strange procession came until almost close aboard, abreast of the mizen rigging.

Then as a big sea passed, leaving a smooth valley, somewhat sheltered by the ship, Dan let go, and a score of bowlines flew around him in so many seconds.

Hauled on deck, nearly naked, with bleeding head and hands, he staggered to his feet, and, singling out the second mate, he fell upon him and would have choked him had his strength held.

But it did not. So presently, wrapped in warm blankets and with six inches of hot rum qualifying the salt water, he was put in his bunk.

The great bird still sailed about the ship, swooping down for the pieces of biscuit cast to it with a liberal hand by the men, when the skipper went up to the second mate.

"Go and get that Irish pennant down," said he.

The man went without a word. When he reached the deck again, blue with cold and his teeth rattling, the skipper said:

"You can go into the fore'sle now, Brown, and stay there. You won't be wanted aft any more. And I hope you'll enjoy yourself."

And he did.

A Gentle Hint.

X. was not overscrupulous about his personal appearance. One day in the studio of a celebrated painter he was fumbling in his pockets.

"What are you looking for?" inquired the witty artist.

"A pencil. I only wanted to jot down a word or two on my shirt cuff."

"See, here is a bit of chalk," was the amiable rejoinder.—From the French.

Sober as a Judge.

Daniel O'Connell used to relate that a certain Irish judge was so fond of brandy that he kept some in court in an inkstand and used to suck it through a quill pen.

One day he had to ask a witness to say truly whether he was drunk or sober on a given day. "Quite sober, my lord," "As sober as a judge," put in counsel, with a significant look at the inkstand.

Nothing is so fatal to the romance of a stolen kiss as to have the girl sneeze at the wrong time.

Any man can get married whenever any woman makes up her mind to.

Experts are guided in their judgment of liquors by the smell; those who taste are more less misguided.

Some men pay small debts for the purpose of contracting large ones.

JESTS OF SENATORS.

Incidents of the Lighter Side of Life in the Senate.

John C. Calhoun, when vice president, did not believe that as the presiding officer of the senate he had any right to call senators to order for words spoken in debate.

John Randolph of Roanoke abused this license by opening a speech with the words "Mr. Speaker—I mean Mr. President of the Senate and Would Be President of the United States—which God, in his infinite mercy, avert!" and then launching into one of his characteristic tirades.

Calhoun's name recalls nullification. When this heresy was at its most rampant stage, the northern senators depended largely upon John Holmes of Maine as champion of their side of the chamber on account of his ready wit. John Tyler tried to badger him one day by asking what had become of that political firm once mentioned by Randolph as "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes and the devil."

"The partnership," answered Mr. Holmes promptly, "has been legally dissolved. The senior member is dead, the second has gone into retirement, the third now addresses you, and the last has gone over to the nullifiers and is electioneering among the honorable senator's constituents."

Clay and Webster were not habitual humorists, but both had the gift of entertaining as well as of enthralling their audiences. Clay ran most to illustrative anecdote. While he was in the house a prominent politician deserted the Whig party in the hope of starting a general revolt. To his dismay, he found himself quite alone and then bent all his energies to getting back into good standing. The incident reminded Clay of a story. Said he:

"A stagecoach took aboard a passenger who insisted upon riding with the driver and who diligently drew upon the contents of a bottle carried in his greatcoat pocket. When his potatoes at last overcame him, he fell off. The coach stopped long enough for some charitable travelers to alight and pull the poor fellow out of the mud."

"Ha," he exclaimed as he looked down at his tattered garments, "we had quite a hic—turnover, didn't we?"

"Oh, no," answered one of his rescuers, "there was no turnover. You only fell off."

"I say," he persisted, "there was a hic—turnover, and I leave it to the company."

"Every one joined in assuring him that the coach had not upset."

"Well," he remarked ruefully as he tried to climb back to his former perch, "if I'd known that hic—I wouldn't have got off."

On a certain afternoon the senate clock got a fit of striking in the midst of one of Webster's most effective speeches. After it had struck fourteen or fifteen Webster held up one finger. "Mr. President," said he, "the clock is out of order. I have the floor."—Francis E. Leupp in Century.

Origin of the Bunyip.

In the fifties in the last century, when the gold fever was still high, a walrus came ashore near an Australian town. The creature was captured and sold to an enterprising digger, who constructed a booth, put the walrus in it and wrote over the concern in flaring letters, "The Bunyip Has Arrived." The show was a great financial success, but the change of environment did not suit the spurious bunyip. In two or three days, in spite of a compulsory diet of fresh fish, he died, and the body was sold to the curator of the local museum. Mr. Stock suggests that this unfortunate walrus may have been stuffed and labeled "The Bunyip." Certainly the popular idea of the bunyip has much in common with the walrus, and many legends have grown up from less likely beginnings.—London Academy.

Matter of Choice.

"Water," remarked the medical student as he sat down to dinner, "is full of animal organisms which may be killed by boiling."

"That being the case," rejoined the boarder who is afflicted with ingrowing humor, "it is up to a man to choose between two evils."

"How's that?" queried the embryo M. D.

"He can either drink raw water and set himself up as an aquarium," replied the funny party, "or imbibe the boiled article and lay himself out as a cemetery."—Chicago News.

How It Seemed to Uncle Peter.

"Why don't you get married, Uncle Peter?" asked an acquaintance of a bachelor negro.

"Why, bress yer, I've got an old mudder, an' I has to do fo' her, sah, an' if I don't buy her shoes an' stockin's she don't git none. Now, if I was ter git married I'd hab to buy 'em fo' my wife, an' dat'd be takin' de shoes an' stockin's right out o' my mudder's mouf."

A freak Anti-Kissing bill has been introduced in the Tennessee Legislature. It prohibits unmarried persons between the ages of fifteen and seventy-five from publicly indulging in osculation. The members of the lower house regard the measure as a huge joke, and they have passed it unanimously.

Short-sighted people seem to think others should look through their glasses.

THE ANGELIC GIRL.

A Cynic Tells Her Sweetheart Just How Fragile She Is.

"A young man of my acquaintance," said Dr. Cynicus, "who is very much in love, wears me excessively by his ravings over his sweetheart, her angelic qualities, etcetera. She is too fragile for this world, he thinks."

"Fragile?" says I. "How fragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her and woman-kind in general showing the extent of their fragility. We will suppose this piece of perfection is in moderately good health. She will live to, say, sixty years of age. Women do not like, any more than men do, to die—not so much, for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me. She will eat one pound of beef, mutton or some other meat every day. That's 365 pounds of flesh in a year. In sixty years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragility?"

"She will eat as much bread and as many vegetables per diem, and there you have in sixty years 43,800 pounds of bread and meat."

"If she is not too angelic, she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee, tea, wine or beer. And by the time she is ready to have a monument she will have consumed 175 hogheads of liquids. Fragile?"

"Now," says I to this young man, "these figures do not include the forty or fifty lambs she will worry down with mint sauce. It does not take into consideration her ice cream, her oysters, her clams and such. All this means about forty-five tons. Fragile? Think of your affinity in connection with these figures and then rave over her being fragile! Young man, you're a fool. Bah!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Actions of Trees.

The action of trees in their manner of taking root in strange soil seems almost like the human family, who are guided in their likes and dislikes by intelligence, wisdom and consciousness, which trees and vegetation cannot possess. Some trees strive to take root in hard, inhospitable soil among the rocks and ravines, as if hiding from the winds and frosts of northern climates and reaching forth with more than natural instincts for moisture, solar rays, warmth of sunshine and rain. It seems like a human cry for life and vitality.

There are trees seen in New England forests that seem to crowd together for companionship around the inland lakes and rivers. They seem to get thickly together for drinking and climbing among the hills and among the small valleys till their branches interlock in social and harmonious affection, aiding each other to support as best they may their roots from the hunger and thirst of exhausted soils.—Boston Transcript.

Educating a Boy.

In Montaigne's eyes the object of education is to form a boy's character and prepare him for life and to fill him not so much with learning as with the desire of learning, "with an honest curiosity for information about everything." This sounds perhaps obvious and commonplace, but the seed which Montaigne sowed three centuries ago has, it must be confessed, fallen on stony ground. There are a large number of persons concerned with education at the present day who, if they equip a boy with a sufficient stock of learning to enable him to pass an examination, fold their hands and think that they have done all that is needful. I will quote two aphorisms which Montaigne has left us—"Every abridgment of a good book is a foolish abridgment" and "Learning in one man's hand is a scepter; in another's, a bauble."

Only One Wellington.

That was a graceful compliment which was paid to the Duke of Wellington by Queen Victoria. Not every one recalls the fact that a certain style of high boots, not commonly worn nowadays, bore the name of Wellington.

When the duke was prime minister, he once visited Windsor castle to consult with the queen on an important state matter. The day was damp, following a heavy rain, and as the duke left the castle her majesty remarked, "I hope your grace is well shod."

"Oh," said the duke, "I have on a pair of Wellingtons and am proof against dampness."

The queen retorted: "Your grace must be mistaken. There could not be a pair of Wellingtons."

Any woman can learn to smoke, but mighty few of them can learn to like it.

When a woman isn't jealous of her husband it is a sign that he needs to be jealous of her.

A man will keep on chasing after a woman just as long as she keeps on running away from him.

Satan never wastes his time hanging around a house where there is a baby.

Even the shield of a mother's love will not protect the girl who wants to reform bad men.

Either a woman wants to feel that her husband is a hero or she will feel that she is a martyr.

Among other things that won't bear the light are shadows.

If women had a sense of humor men would shrink to the same size at home that they do down town.

Invading the Holy Land.

For the first time the ancient and most primitive methods of labor in the Holy Land have been disturbed by the introduction of Western inventions. The natives of Syria have been jolted out of the rut of ages by the boom of the threshing machine and the musical wail of the reaping machine.

Last summer an enterprising American imported the first reaper and set it to cutting the grain in the Syrian fields. He had it sent all the way from Chicago. Then a little later a steam thrasher, the product of an Indiana foundry, was heard in Coelo-Spina. It created great excitement among the native farmers. They were afraid of it at first, then later concluded it to be the work of the evil one and tried to destroy it. They were with great difficulty brought to see its many advantages over the old way of treading out the grain, which had been in use since the time of Solomon, very likely.

But the star of progress has gone so far westward that it has reached the East—and the East, even in the Orient, is not proof against Yankee enterprise. The American windmill speedily followed the thrasher monster, and a month or more ago a flour mill, with machinery and oil motor engine complete, from Indianapolis, began grinding the wheat in Lebanon.

English capital and push may harness the Nile and bring that apparently ungovernable stream to serve domestic needs, like a tamed broncho, but the further reaches of the Orient will feel the smarting touch of the spur of Yankee Doodle to start them from the droning slumber of ages.—N. Y. Herald.

"Heart Failure."

For the purpose of promoting greater accuracy in death returns, which form a most important part of its records, the bureau of vital statistics of the census department makes a score or more of pertinent suggestions in a paper of recent issue. Among them is the following:

"Heart Failure.—The use of this term is a stigma upon American statistics. It should never be accepted, but inquiry should be made whether some organic disease of the heart was intended, and if not, then for the disease that caused the 'heart failure.' Not infrequently diphtheria, puerperal septicemia or other cause of death has been concealed by the ignorant or intentionally misleading use of the term."

The criticism is well deserved and the recommendation contained therein should appeal to every health board of the United States. "Heart failure" is a phrase that has taken its place in medical nomenclature only in recent years.—N. Y. Press.

What It Would Say.

Poetical and Pedantic Young Lady (walking in the wood with elderly and learned professor)—Oh, Mr. Bookworm, look at that magnificent oak! Let us stop one minute. I must tell him how the sight of such beautiful trees raises keen emotions in my soul, because, you know, I'm sure they can hear us and enjoy a compliment as well as you do. You superb-oak, what would you say if you could talk?

"I believe I can be his interpreter," dear Miss Hopkins. He would most likely say, 'Beg your pardon, miss, I'm a beech.'"

His Obituary.

"Are you afraid to go downstairs and look for that man who is ransacking the house?" asked Mr. Meekton's wife.

"Certainly not. I am perfectly willing to go and look for him. But, Henrietta, I'm afraid you have been making a mistake with me all these years. You ought to have developed my conversational powers more. After I find this burglar I won't know what to say to him. You'll have to stand at the head of the stairs and do the talking."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price 25c.

—Any woman can learn to smoke, but mighty few of them can learn to like it.

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Paine's Celery Compound

Cures
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION,
AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

The tortures and evils of dyspepsia and indigestion are experienced by thousands at this time. The dyspeptic's train of evils may be enumerated as follows: feelings of dizziness, languor, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, distension of the stomach, loss of flesh, difficult breathing, and the action of the heart is seriously affected.

All forms of dyspepsia are quickly banished by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of this marvelous medicine allays the inflammation of the nerves centered about the stomach; it opens up the sewers of the body and cleanses all waste matter; it cleanses the blood; it makes new nerve fibers; it restores digestive power, and promotes bodily strength and activity. Mr. Fred. Ross, Clarendon, Iowa, briefly writes about his happy experience with Paine's Celery Compound as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the merits of Paine's Celery Compound. I can candidly and honestly say it is the best medicine in the world. Two years ago I was suffering from indigestion and nervousness, and was so run down that I could hardly walk without help. I used two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound and got better almost from the first dose, and have had no return of my medicine since. I was completely cured."

When a hat, a good dress, or other garment is a little faded and old in fashion it need not be thrown away. Color it with DIAMOND DYES.

We have a special department of advice, and will answer free of charge all questions about dyeing. Send sample of goods when possible.

Direction book and 45 dyed samples free. DIAMOND DYES, Burlington, Vt.

Anderson County Mutual Benefit Association of America.

The Anderson County Mutual Benefit Association of America writes the cheapest insurance of the day. The plan is to insure one thousand people, men and women, build them together in a business way to help each other in time of need and trouble. You only pay when one dies. If you join now your first payment pays you up until January, 1904, unless you lose one of our members. If you have Providence should never the silver thread that holds the life of one of our loved ones, friend or neighbor, who would hesitate a moment on paying the little sum of One Dollar and ten cents to replace the amount and pay expenses paid out on death claim. Consider the matter, examine and study our plan. You are receiving insurance, a protection your family at actual cost. Don't stand back, let our agencies write you up at once.

If there is anything you wish to know in regard to the policy call on any of the agents and they will take pleasure in explaining the policy to you. Remember this is the only opportunity ever afforded you to get actual cost. You owe it to your family, you owe it to yourself to secure their protection in case you are taken away from them. If you are thirty years of age this is the only chance you will have of getting in. Over 1,000 members have been secured, no one over thirty gets in, and he only to replace a deceased member.

N. R. GREEN, Pres.
J. M. PAYNE, Sec. and Treas.

Notice Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Cox Manufacturing Company will be held on TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1903, in the City of Anderson, at the Farmers and Merchants Bank at 12 o'clock.

W. F. COX, President.
March 25, 1903. 40 4

CURSE OF DRINK

CURED BY
WHITE RIBBON REMEDY.

No taste. No odor. Can be given in glass of water, coffee without patient's knowledge. White Ribbon Remedy cures and cures the diseased appetite for alcoholic stimulants, whether drunk or drunkard, a confirmed "tippler," social drinker or drunkard, responsible for any one to have an appetite for alcoholic liquors after using White Ribbon Remedy.

Indorsed by Members of W. C. T. U.
Mr. Moore, press superintendent of Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Ventura, California, writes: "I have tried White Ribbon Remedy on very obstinate drunkards, and the cures have been many. In many cases the remedy was given secretly. I cheerfully recommend and indorse White Ribbon Remedy. Members of our Union are delighted to find an economical treatment to aid us in our temperance work."

Druggists or by mail, \$1. Trial package free by writing to J. A. Leonard & Co., Boston, Mass. Sold in Anderson by O. R. G. & Co., 18 17

Valuable Plantation for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale a Farm of 200 acres, well watered. There are three wells on the place, and a new one has just been erected at a cost of \$200. There is a large, fine, newly painted dwelling-house, with eight rooms, and two tenant houses, one with five rooms, and the other with four—on the farm, all in thorough repair. The land is well adapted to cotton or grain, and is a fine location for a Physician, the nearest being eight miles distant. It is in a fine community, and convenient to school and church. My reason for selling is that I am too old to manage the farm, and want to retire. Terms and price reasonable.

G. H. BRYTON, Longview, S. C.
March 18, 1903. 39 4

General Repair Shop.